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Page 236  
to 275

*Traverse No. 7.*

*From Mar. 7, 1900.  
to April 25, 1900.*

J. H. MEDAIRDY & CO.,  
BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,  
8 N. HOWARD STREET,  
BALTIMORE, MD.



We found two hornet's nests, apparently in good condition. This makes the ninth one found.

236.

The beautiful pure white of the Sycamores, also, attracted our attention. How beautiful they looked with the sun shining upon them! In the swampy meadow one of these beautiful trees had been cut down. How close-fitting and smooth was the pure white bark which looked more like a smooth uniform coating of plaster of Paris than anything vegetable. I have often remarked upon the pure white covering of these trees, whereas the Sycamores of our streets and parks are now clothed with a dirty greenish bark.

On our way to the camp we passed a fallen tree on it were blotches, either fungous growth or lichens, looking very much like drab-colored paint.

Reaching our camp we were very much surprised, the wood-cutter had been there and had begun to remove the uprooted tree, among the roots of which our little squirrel no doubt has its home. Our camp, however, was unharmed, the curtain only having been unrolled and rerolled. Mr. W. got his



hatchet, which he thought ~~best~~ to take home. Before leaving our camp we started a little fire; it was already quite dark, the fire now illuminating, giving everything a strange spectre-like appearance, it was the time when the devil and his train surely must be busy. How strange are all the sounds of night! Suddenly there was a rushing through the leaves, nearer and nearer it came, surely it must be some large animal and coming towards us. But could it have been anything else but our little squirrel? What little experience have most people with the different sounds of night. No wonder the great fear of darkness.

The new moon and Venus formed a beautiful spectacle in the west and were seen sometime before the other stars. After our fire was (~~started and~~) burning nicely we started for home, going our new route. When we reached the open fields Mercury also in his ruddy color was noticed close to the horizon. Near the dam an owl was heard making his peculiar low vibrating calls. We reached the cave about 7.40 P.M.

86. Mar. 7, 1900. Repeated the short trip taken Feb. 15., mainly to see how far Skunk Cabbage had advanced and to learn a little more about this interesting plant. I reached Brooklyn about 4 P.M. This time I thought I would reverse the trip taken at that time, so, instead of going to the Skunk Cabbage area first, I would reach it at the end of my trip. Afterwards I was sorry I did this, because by the time I reached the Skunk Cabbage, it was late and I had but time to get a few specimens and haster home.

The route taken was a very pleasant one, entering the woods a little beyond the Cromwell estate, I proceeded at once towards the brook, crossed it, and then <sup>went</sup> through the wood to the path, which follows the river. This path leads to the swampy tract that I wished to examine.

Although a short trip, I had but an hour to do it in. First a little time was spent at the brook, where I heard an old frog murmuring in rather a low tone. I tried to locate him but failed to do so. Next the beautiful

mosses attracted my attention; in fact, so many things were to be seen, that I felt, perfectly happy, examining this little moss, then a little liverwort, when, suddenly it came in my mind, that it was Skunk Cabbages that I must be after. Off, I started, yet here a neat little moss had to be collected and then another; here *Epigaea* with its buds already showing color, that I thought surely one might be open, attracted my attention. Time spent this way passes very rapidly, so that by the time I reached my most coveted place, I could not follow any investigations. While collecting a few specimens I heard the frogs piping and realized how appropriate their name Rome pipers.

<sup>87</sup> Mar. 10, 1900. A trip to Glenburnie, Sarracenia Pond and the Old Furnace. We took the early train, so reached B. about 7.30 A.M. Deciding to go to the pond, first of all, we took our usual route <sup>through the woods</sup>. Before reaching this path we are obliged to walk a short distance along the pike <sup>our path</sup>. Immediately before reaching ~~it~~ we found a large area, a former clearing, which had grown over



with many choice wild plants, among them being *Iris versuta*, *Quercus prinoides* (our smallest oak), *Kalmia angustifolia* and *Myrica asplenifolia*, now again cleared and converted into a field. On or near the path we found several mosses and <sup>two</sup> cup-shaped lichens? (fungi), one of the latter tipped with carmine, the other tipped with brown.

The <sup>interesting little</sup> hut, which always attracted our attention, was found in ruins. We, at first, thought it had taken fire, but upon nearer approach found that it had been torn apart by man.

Near this hut are a number of dead trees, on which ~~were~~ found a very interesting lichen. It branched quite freely, the entire plant was a dull green color, and the branches, which were cylindrical, surrounded by long flexible spine-like processes, and (fully  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick near the base), were terminated by flat several-lobed disks fully  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. in diameter.

From the hut, we went to the branch. Here we were grieved to see a large area of wood land cleared. The trees had been cut into cord wood, which was seen in several large piles. Several men were still

continuing this work of destruction. In one of the trees which was allowed to stand we saw a bird, about twice the size of the Eng. sparrow and of a light brown color. He seemed to be very happy and filled the woods with frequent repetitions of his song, a sweet little chord of seven notes.

We proceeded along our usual route, gathering a number of interesting mosses. Alders were found in great profusion, many of them in full bloom. Hundreds of pretty little *Saxacumia* seedlings were seen.

Near the outlet of the pond our tenth hornet's nest was noticed; it was in a very dilapidated condition. Mr. W. went <sup>near</sup> over to examine it better. He soon called me, but before I reached him, the two turtles he had seen on the edge of a little pond had already slid into the water. When I reached him, I noticed a slight movement under the decaying leaves <sup>on</sup> at the bottom of the pond. Mr. W. was standing, where he had seen the turtles, I nearly opposite to him, when I <sup>took</sup> put a stick and began disturbing the leaves where I had seen the movements. I soon raised a pretty

black-backed flat-looking little turtle, about 6 in long. Its back was ornamented with a few small yellow marks. We felt so sure of getting him out; it was such a little pond, that we paid too little attention to his squirming; so before we could raise him out of the water, he had managed to slide from the stick and had gotten into a deep hole. All our coaxing failed to bring him up and only hid him the better, for we had succeeded in making the water very turbid. We thought at first of bailing out the water, but concluded not to do <sup>so</sup> ~~you~~ and to come again later in the day to the pond.

We now left the pond, walked along the old mill race finally reached the road and hurried down to the bridge. Here we heard the frogs piping, but failed to see one. Entering a path on our right we proceeded in the direction of the old furnace. In this marshy area we found a lot of Skunk Cabbage. Many of the plants had still their conical bud protector, although <sup>the flower bud was</sup> fully out of the ground. Removing it, we found that it concealed both



the flower and the leaf bud. After examining a number of these plants we left the swampy tract for the firmer path. Along one side of this path is a deep but narrow trench, containing a foot or more of stagnant water. Here, another turtle, similar to the one already mentioned, was seen, he too, as soon as we approached, slid into the water. Where he entered and covering <sup>a</sup> considerable portion of the water, was growing a beautiful snow like water-plant. We now took the road, but had gone <sup>a</sup> only a very short distance when we were attracted by the loud peculiar noise made by frogs (not the peep). The pond was in constant motion and upon closer approach we could see the frogs lying upon the surface. Their sole occupation seemed to be to make all the noise they were able, in which they surely must have succeeded beyond expectation. I don't think I ever heard so much noise coming from one <sup>small</sup> place before.

We soon reached Mr N's. crossed her field where we found *Draba verna* and in a little while were at the spring, where we took our dinner.



On the rocks near the spring two more mosses were collected. *Stellaria media* was growing in the meadow. The sycamores attracted my attention, those near the water were of a <sup>to me</sup> pure white than those farther inland yet it seems that none are as pure white as those along the Patateco. To compare the two, I took a slice of bark of one ~~with the nearest~~ which was most <sup>nearly</sup> white. While removing a piece of old bark, which hung on only by a few shreds, I found a large colony of pretty insects with beautiful iridescent wings.

We now retraced our steps, as we passed the frog pond all was perfectly quiet. We walked quite fast and soon reached the pond where our turtles were seen in the morning, not a sign of them was now to be seen.

It was now past 5 o'clock and as we intended to walk home we thought we would start in that direction. It did not take us long to reach the main road. On our way homeward we stopped a few moments to view Mercury and Venus which were in excellent position. We arrived home about 8 P.M.

The day was an ideal spring one. During the morning it was partly cloudy, but <sup>it soon</sup> became clear and remained so.

88. Mar. 13, 1900. An afternoon trip in search for frogs' eggs. Called for Mr. W. about 3 P.M. We took the car to the B. & P. Frederick Rd Sta., then followed the road leading to St. Agnes' Sanitarium. A short distance beyond this beautiful edifice, in the woods to the left are the ponds. Although careful search was made, we failed to find a single egg-mass.

Going homeward, we proceeded in the direction of the old Georgetown Rd. Passing a lot of willows we found them beginning to bud. The frogs were very lively and in the performance of their music, yet as soon as we approached they <sup>would</sup> become so quiet and concealed themselves so effectively that we failed to see a single one. The afternoon was quite raw. Reached home about 8 P.M.

89. Mar. 17, 1900. The scenes to-day were decidedly wintry, for on Thursday there was a very heavy fall of snow and the temperature since <sup>has been</sup> quite low. We met at the usual time at the Catonsville terminus. We intended going

xx Vide Mar. 31.

through the ravine, then to Glenartney and finally to the frog-ponds near St. Agnes.

We were going our usual route, and had just gotten beyond the foot-tracks of the villagers, when we noticed a track, made by some leaping animal\*. The track proceeded in the direction of the ravine, we, therefore, concluded to follow it. It soon took us to the brook, which it crossed, and then followed a path running almost parallel with it. We had not gone very far along this path, when we noticed a small but quite deep pond. We were somewhat surprised to find this pond entirely unfrozen, while all around it, the snow was so firmly frozen that we frequently walked long stretches without sinking in. Of course, we examined the pond, containing water so clear, that we could see the entire bottom. Here, we found our first frog's eggs<sup>xx</sup> ten masses were seen in different parts of the pond. Crawling on the bottom, coming from under some decaying leaf only to get under another, sometimes rising to nearly the surface, were a number of interesting water insects.



They were quite large, about the size of the bumble-bee, without wings, however, and with peculiar abruptly rounded abdomens, which were marked with two neat yellow bands.

How pretty this little pond looked, surrounded as it was by the beautiful smooth ice-covered snow!

After our short stop we continued on the trail of the little animal. Frequently alongside of the deep impressions we noticed also light impressions made after the surface had become frozen. The track, now, went up the side of the hill. Here, we found that it had been joined by other tracks, each going towards the brook. The track now for a short distance looked as if several people with small feet had gone of over the it, occasionally slipping on account of the steepness of the hill side. Passing over this little distance we found that the track divided. Mr. W. now took one trail and I the other. Mine soon divided again, only to meet ~~it~~ again a short distance farther on, this happened several times. Soon I heard Mr. W. calling and what was our surprise to find our tracks running together again. Here, and afterwards at other



spots we saw the foot-prints of birds. The tracks kept together for quite a distance and led in the direction of the Observatory path. Reaching this path, the tracks again divided, we, however, followed the one leading towards the Observatory. While on this path we noticed near the foot of a tree the tracks of a squirrel. We also heard a bird and by imitating his call, enticed him <sup>to come</sup> quite close to us. We had now reached a point <sup>very</sup> ~~quite~~ near our camp, and as a track led in that direction, for the main track along the Observatory path had several times branched or been joined by little side tracks from the wood, we concluded following it and to stop a short time at our house. A short distance from our camp, the track apparently led to the brook, we, however, kept on to house <sup>th</sup>.

Here, we ~~staid~~ made a fire and ate our dinner, and staid till two o'clock. While, we were eating dinner, two little birds attracted our attention, they were much smaller than the sparrow. One was much smaller than the other and seemed to have lost its tail feathers.

They were very sociable, and did not seem to mind us at all; and were seen nearly through out our stay at the camp. Before leaving (our camp) we examined the tree stump near which they had been seen, and found a nice opening, in which, no doubt they had sought shelter. We also saw a woodpecker.

After dinner, we started for the Observatory and soon reached the tracks we had left in the morning.

Following one, we were at last rewarded to find a neat little retreat under a lot of brush. The snow had been trampled down quite firmly near the entrance, and from it tracks led in several directions. We felt confident that the trails we had been following were those of rabbits.

We now continued our tramp, we soon reached the Observatory path, which we followed till we reached the railroad tracks. We kept along the tracks till we reached Glenbury. Along the railroad we saw a great many birds. They were of two colors, but since they were otherwise so much alike and kept together

so agreeably, we concluded that they were male and female. They chirped along the ground like the sparrow. One was of a dull reddish brown color and was not as wary as the other, which was of a bluish gray color with several darker bands along its back.

From B., we followed the brook and then went through the ravine in the direction of P. S.'s house. On the bank of the streamlet, hazel was found, the pistillate flowers were fully open.

Passing Mrs. S.'s home, we went in the direction of the <sup>Cottonville Am.</sup> Relay Rd. then to Sulphur Sp. Rd. which we followed to Arbutus. On the Sulph. Sp. Rd. we found hazel fully open. Near A. is a pretty residence, at the gateway to the estate stand two pretty ash trees. We examined the buds of these trees and learned the truth of the saying "as black as ash buds". At Arbutus we stopped a moment to chat with the railroad watchman. We learned from him that St. Patrick had been married and that to-morrow was his wife's day - Shelah's Day. Mr. W. in a



joking way said. "Well, Mr. P. which way shall we go to Balto. or to Washington"? Our station friend said at once with great earnestness. "You had better go to Washington, here comes the train now." He was the same man, who when asked if he had heard whether gym-na-stics (gymnastics) were good for rheumatism? said, "yes, ah, he had heard that too".

We, now, hurried along the railroad tracks in the direction of the Frederick Rd station, where we took the car for home. Reached home about 8 P. M.

The evening was very cold.

<sup>90</sup> Mar. 21. 1900. 2.30 P. M. A short trip along Swyn's Falls, from Windsor Villa Rd to the old mill. The afternoon was raw, although the sun was shining brightly. The trip was taken to see if *Corylus rostrata* was in bloom. Upon examination the pistillate flowers were found fully open, the staminate, however, were still very rigid. The <sup>buds of the</sup> prickly ash, which stand very near this hazel, were also examined; they ~~buds~~ are now quite prominent and of a dull reddish brown color. Here, too, among



the rocks *Hepaticis triloba* is found. Careful examination, brought to light many buds, which, no doubt, will be found open the first mild day. On one ledge of rock, I collected a lot of the pretty globular-fruited moss. I have noticed this pretty moss for a number of years, but have not as yet learned its name. At one very moist place, although on a hill-side and very rocky, Skunk Cabbage was found in flower. Returned home at 5.30 P. M.

91. Mar. 22. 1900. 2.30 P. M. Another short trip; this time to Westport and vicinity in search for *Poa annua*. Although careful search was made, not a single plant was found in flower. The Maples are very backward this year, unless the weather becomes much warmer they will be even later than they were last year (Mar. 25); In 1898 they were found as early as Mar. 9. Found a pretty moss in fruit. The day was very mild, a beautiful spring day. I noticed 3 different birds and heard their notes. One, a little fellow, somewhat smaller than the sparrow, of a gray color with dark lines on his back and sides was a sweet singer. Returned home by 5 P. M.

253. \* The female was reddish brown; the male had dark blotches on his throat and head. He sang sweetly, first giving 3 little pipes; followed by a nice little trill.

92. Mar. 23, 1900. (2.30 P.M.) During the morning it was very mild and spring-like, but in the afternoon it became somewhat blustery. My trip was out Washington Rd in quest of the Climbing Fern. This beautiful fern being green throughout the winter, can probably be found most easily from November to May. It <sup>grows in</sup> an impenetrable cat-brier thicket that nearly covers a small sphagnum swamp. I have known the locality for 3 yrs., but have never been able to find the plant in fruit. To-day, I again made a most careful search, but failed to find a single fruited specimen. After collecting a few specimens for mounting, I started for home. On the hillside found my first *Carex* in flower. Reached home 6.30 P.M.

93. Mar. 24, 1900. A trip to Glenburnie, Saw Mill Pond and the "Old Furnace". We took the early train, so reached G. about 7.30 A.M. The morning was very raw, a cold north-east wind blowing. We went over our usual route to the pond. Careful examination of the Sweet Fern, failed to find any in flower. Alder is now found in great profusion. With the exception of watching & listening to a few little brownish birds

while talking with Mr. W. nothing of importance was noticed until we reached the turtle ponds. Immediately before reaching the ponds several beautiful birds attracted my attention. They were a trifle larger than the sparrow, of a beautiful light blue gray color, having a black blotch on the throat and one on the top of the head. We approached the ponds, cautiously, hoping to ~~surprise~~ <sup>the turtles</sup> take them by surprise and then capture one. Mr. W. who was in the lead, said "There is one", but before he could point ~~him~~ <sup>it</sup> out to me, it had already slid into the water. We, therefore, followed the banks <sup>of several ponds</sup> of these. I soon saw one, near the bank, but entirely under the water. How clear and distinctly we could see the pretty yellow spots! The little animal soon became aware of us and moved out into deeper water and hid under the decaying leaves on the bottom (of the pond). We now followed another arm of the pond. Suddenly, one that had been sunning <sup>it</sup> himself on the bank, seeing us, made haste to get into the water. In its haste, it fell and lay struggling on its back near the edge of the pond. Showing the truth of the old adage "More haste - less speed". Had we been on that side of the pond, we could have captured the little fellow very



easily. As it was, we stopped perfectly still and watched. After a few struggles it righted itself, swam out into the pond, then making a large curve it came very close to the bank on which we were standing, but some distance away from us. It now swam towards us keeping close to the bank until within 3 or 4 feet from us; then, keeping about that distance from us it swam towards the middle of the pond, where it stretched its head as far out of the water as it could and watched us intently. After satisfying its <sup>had been</sup> curiosity, it swam to the spot where it ~~had~~ <sup>was</sup> swimming itself. As it swam over, another turtle, somewhat smaller, similar to the one we had first seen, but different from the one, <sup>now</sup> being observed, in having fewer spots, swam from under the leaves. The two approached each other, and one chased the other as if in play. Now, whether on account of our slight movements or our very low talk, the one which had last appeared again made for the deeper water and hid under the leaves. After examining a few of the other ponds, we concluded to eat our dinner, near one of the ponds (the little one where we first noticed them 2 wks. ago). After dinner, I continued



ly walked along the bank, where we had seen the two turtles and found one on the bank. I had gotten very close to it, when it heard or saw me and at once got into the water. I reached him with my stick, but could not hold him.

Near these ponds we noticed several large *Possum Sumachs*, <sup>had a stem</sup> one was fully five inches in diameter and was very tree-like in proportions.

We now left the ponds, in which, by the way, no frog's eggs were to be found and went in the direction of Marley Rd., cutting through the woods on reaching the Annepotet Rd. In this little stretch of woods we noticed quite a number of beautiful blue birds. Several of them alighted in favorable position for examination and were found to have blue, deep sky blue, backs and wings, the under part of the body was gray and on the breast was a reddish brown blotch.

On Marley Rd. we stopped at the pond where the great lot of frogs were, <sup>seen 2 weeks ago</sup> hoping to find it full of their eggs. Not an egg-mass was to be found. Here a few Maples were noticed with their buds greatly swollen and showing the ~~stems~~, which were still very small and nowhere near open.

\* Here we heard our first King-fishers.

251. \*\* Here first noticed Impatiens seedlings.

We went but a short distance out Mauley Rd, only to the woods a little beyond the branch. After examining these we returned by way of the "Old Furnace" crossing the branch<sup>x</sup> at the rocks. Near the spring<sup>\*\*</sup> I planted a piece of Climbing Fern.

We now started for home. The weather bureau had forecasted rain, but it was clear the entire day. Reached home 8.30 P.M.

253. Mar. 28, 1900. An afternoon trip to Brooklyn and vicinity. Along the roads found *Acer dasycarpum* in flower. I went along the route taken on a former occasion (Mar. 7) hoping to find *Arbutus* in flower. The buds, however, seemed to have made but very little progress, and not one was found open. One spray with quite large buds was found, which, if the weather continues warmer, may be found open by the end of the week.

Reaching the main road, I went along it a short distance then cut across the fields in the direction of the brown house on the side of the hill. Here, on Apr. 10, 1897, I found *Schweinitzia odorata*. Since, then, each year I make one or two trips to this spot, hoping to find it again, thus far, however, I have been unsuccessful. To-day, when crossing

Going through the bush, I started up two wood-cocks.

258

In the field I noticed the first robins.

While near a decaying stump, surrounded by leaf-mould, in which were several pretty patches of Arbutus, I noticed a most delicate odor, it was very sweet and reminded me somewhat of violets. What could it have been? I thought at first it was the Arbutus - but no, not a flower was open. Could it have been the Maple? The odor was very similar. I think it must have been the Maple although not a single one was in sight. Later while walking <sup>among</sup> through the trees I noticed the same odor.

I also thought that the odor <sup>might</sup> ~~may~~ be caused by Schimmizii but, no, the odor seemed to come from the air.

Started for home, about sunset. When near the road, I heard a peculiar loud noise, I thought surely, it was made by the frogs. It gradually became fainter, and only the much fainter, peep-peep-peep was heard. It sounded as if there had been a sudden boiling over, and now that the first up energy had relieved itself.

I soon reached the road. I moved along it very quietly hoping to (again) hear another exultation. To this, I was



soon rewarded, but what was my surprise to learn that it was not the frogs but birds making this noise. A great flock, surely more than a hundred, swept past over my head, all of them crying *cheeee-r*, as if life depended upon it, and as loud too, I think considering the noise, as they could. I took them at once, on acct of their size, although it was too dark to be certain, for robins. They flew to the tops of several fairly sized trees, where they continued their *cheeee-r*, although not quite as loud. Only when another flock was approaching or would alight, would they become somewhat louder.

How many there were of them, surely several hundred, and all continuing their *cheee-r - cheee-r* in regular rhythm. Could these birds have been the advanced guards of other and larger flocks now coming from the south? And were they simply welcoming each company as it too finished its day's march, or were they perhaps making all this noise only to guide the others to the same locality?

94  
Mar. 31. 1900. The day was very raw, cold northerly winds blowing the greater part of the day. During the morning it was



cloudy. On acct of the rains Thursday and Friday, the roads were very muddy. We met at the Frederick Rd - B. & P. Station, and took the road, that passes St. Agnes Sanitarium. We stopped to examine the ponds, but found very few egg-masses. Reaching the Old Georgetown Rd, we followed it, in the direction of Arbutus. This path leads past several ponds; in one of the smaller ones *Myriophyllum* was growing profusely. On the side of the path we found our first Bluet, and while crossing a field *Hammonia amplisecta* was found fully open. When we reached Sulphur Sp. Rd, we were some distance below Arbutus. We now walked along the S. S. Rd then the road to Avalon and finally turned off to reach the ravine at Elmating. On S. S. Rd we noticed *Acer rubrum* in flower; robins, too, were seen in great numbers. Arrived at the ravine at E. we built a fire, toasted some bread and ate our dinner. After dinner, we searched for wild flowers. *Hepatica triloba* was out in full force, so much of it was seen, we decided to call the day *Hepatica Day*. *Claytonia Virginica*, and *Saxifraga Virginiana* were also found. Bloodroot with buds fully out of the ground was also found. The ravine is

8 We learned, too, that the owner of the property, cor. of Cottonville Av. & Sulphur  
Sp. Rd was a Mr. Ring, a carpenter, an eccentric old bachelor, living there all alone.  
xx Little tadpoles began moving ~~on~~ April 5.

261.  
with a very pretty brook which  
a most beautiful one, and we determined to follow it up to  
its course in the near future. After an hour's flower hunting  
we returned to our fire. We were not there very long when ~~the~~ a  
young man after apparently much trouble found his way across  
the brook, and asked us, who gave us permission to build  
the fire. He seemed to be very nervous and rather agitated.  
He was soon quieted, however, and we learned that his  
name was Young, 28 years old, married, painter by trade,  
and that his father owned the property. He told us, he  
was a deputy-warden, of how many people he had arrested,  
and of his being able to hold and arrest any two, he could get  
hold of - a statement, which <sup>we told him</sup> we doubted very much. He seemed  
to be a very nice fellow, and was mostly ~~to~~ angered about the fire,  
for he said they never objected about people gathering wild flowers.  
He told us that the birds were becoming more plentiful  
since the enforcement of the bird laws. After about an hour's  
chat we started in the direction of Orange Grove and the ravine.  
The afternoon was very pleasant for it had become somewhat  
warmer. In the ravine we stopped at the frog pond and  
each of us took several of the egg-mass<sup>es</sup>. Reached home about

8.30 P.M.

95. April 4, 1900. 3.30 P.M. An afternoon trip to Brooklyn and vicinity. To-day the weatherman has shown us samples of all kinds of weather. The sun arose bright, a spring-like morning; before 8 o'clock it became <sup>partly</sup> cloudy; before ten we had had several showers; before twelve, several snow-flurries. During the afternoon, although partly cloudy we had but one snow flurry.

We met at the corner of Fort Av. & Charles St. and took the car to Brooklyn; then walked out the road to the Cromwell Estate, which we entered, following the path. This path when a short distance from the river, curves and runs parallel with it. We soon reached the first little ravine which we entered. Here we were somewhat protected from the wind and before long became very interested in our various finds. Skunk Cabbage with some of the most beautiful spathes, Alder although now nearly done, still very pretty, the pretty little Golden Saxifrage, never before found so early. But what a pretty sight was the <sup>red</sup> maple which had been uprooted, covered



with a mass of beautiful scarlet flowers! How strange that these uprooted trees which will never put forth a green leaf still put forth all their energy towards perpetuating the species. Even branches cut off do this, and come to bloom days even weeks before the species is found in flower. While closely examining the ruins, one little whitish frog (Probably *Hyla* or *Hyalobatrachium*) was seen and caught. I wished very much to learn more about it so determined to take it home. I got some grass and wrapped it up very nicely and put the package in my vasculum. What was my surprise, on opening the package, after having every thing comfortably arranged for him, not to find the slightest trace of him; the little rascal had somehow escaped. *Podophyllum* was found with expanded leaves. Leaving the ravine we hurried towards our *Arbutus* locality, and after much searching succeeded in finding several sprays. Returned home about 7.30 P. M.

76. April 7, 1900. We met at Camden Station and took the 7 A. M. train to Glenburnie. It was cloudy and looked very much like rain; the wind was from the west.



Reaching G., we started in the direction of Marley, taking the usual route along the tracks; then through the woods. In the woods we found men, busily employed, cutting down the largest of the pine trees, a great many of these had already been cut and hauled to the railroad, they were to be used for piles. On the left side of the road, at that low portion, where so frequently water is found, we observed a very large patch of *Kalmia angustifolia*. Here too, we found *Myrica asplenifolia*, about half open. A short distance beyond the church, we noticed an enticing ravine leading towards the left. This we entered and were soon rewarded by finding *Cypripedium complanatum*. We have frequently found this plant, but never in such a fine place, to mark for future observation. We now left this little ravine, going up the hillside. Reaching the crest of the hill, we saw below us another and much wider ravine. Both of these ravines will surely prove to be good collecting grounds. We entered and stopped a short while near a very much decayed log. We were listening to the birds and hoping that they would come nearer.

Somewhere near us, was also a woodpecker, we could hear him rapping on the trunks of the trees. While listening to the birds I was sticking the end of my umbrella into the decayed wood and soon succeeded in breaking out quite a large piece. What was our surprise to find hidden here a pretty striped lizard (I think called the striped Pinon) ~~we caught it very easily and examined it with much pleasure~~ It was a most beautiful little creature, about 9 inches long. It was of a light color on the lower side, upper side darker with five pretty light stripes; the middle one dividing, making two stripes across the head. It had very pretty black eyes, and behind them there were the two openings, which no doubt were the ears. Its entire body was very glossy. After examining the little creature and putting it back in its little burrow we started to walk through the ravine and found that it led to Marby Ridge. A few sprays of Arbutus were found, fully a week will elapse before it will be in full bloom. At M. we stopped at the spring and ate a little lunch. Here we were amused at the behavior of two roasters that had come close to us for bits of food which we

threw to them. The stronger of the two wished to have  
 the crumbs to all himself, and when on account of this, we after-  
 wards threw the <sup>them</sup> crumbs to the other, he would become  
 very angry, fly at his adversary and chase him some  
 distance from the field. If he had any cause for anger  
 it should have been at us. But as it is even frequently  
 with mankind. After our lunch we retraced our steps  
 and proceeded in the direction of the ponds. Stopping a  
 few moments at the little swamp on the north side of  
 the path, we noticed a tiny terrapin of the same species  
 observed at the other ponds on former occasions. Near  
 the railroad we met two colored wood-choppers, they asked  
 us if we had seen the <sup>a</sup> wagon pass us loaded with logs  
 and how far down. We were thinking how far it had been  
 one of us and <sup>one of us</sup> happened to <sup>say</sup> mention <sup>to the other</sup> about the terrapin in it was below  
 the pond where we had seen the terrapin. One of the men  
 said at once, "Terrapin? Where?" We then asked him if they  
 were good to eat. "Yes, indeed, they're Diamond-backs"  
 He told us too, that Snappers could be found here also.  
 We had wondered why these creatures were so very shy,



it being almost impossible to surprise them. Dr. Abbott states that he thinks this shyness must be hereditary, the Indians having been very fond of them. I think if what our colored man said is true, they still have cause enough for their shyness. On this road we observed also several blue birds, they were about the size of sparrows and when some distance from <sup>us</sup> <sup>they</sup> appeared almost black; near Marley bridge we noticed some birds very similar in appearance, which chirped pee-weet, pee-weet.

Reaching the branch we built a fire and ate our dinner. In the water, we noticed quite a number of eel-like whitish fish. On the water were many water-batmen. While examining some of the matted roots projecting into the water, I caught a very large frog. After dinner we went along our usual route to the pond ~~and to the pond~~. Near Helms brother's we found *Lycopodium obscurum* var. *dendroideum*. Left the pond and started for home a little after 5 o'clock. Near the Marley Rd for *Polytrichum juniperinum* in fruit. Arrived home before 8 P. M. The day was very warm, the warmest for many

months. It became clear before 10 A.M. and remained so the rest of the day.

97. April 10. 1900. 2.30 P.M. A trip along the Falls with one of the boys (M.H.). *Corylus rostrata* was found fully open. Near it, <sup>unopened</sup> *Sanguinaria Canadensis*. After examining the Hazel and the Pearly Ash, the buds of which are quite large and will soon be open, we retraced our steps and followed the Falls to Edmonson Ave.. A large Elm was noticed having a large slice of bark removed.

Reaching Franklin Rd. we walked out it a short distance, stopping at the field to examine *Quercus*, it, however, was not in flower. Here, I <sup>found</sup> ~~did not find~~ *Clematis* (?) *Americana* in fruit, and a very nice find this proved to be, for although plentiful it is seldom found in fruit. Near the bridge, quite a lot of frog's eggs were found in the stagnant water of the old race.

98. April 13. 1900. Good Friday. We met at the Catonsville terminus at 9 o'clock. Mrs. P. & T. were to join us on this trip but the heavy rain on Wed. followed by unsettled weather prevented them. We proceeded to the pump-house and then

by way of Pyrene to our hut. Near the dam, *Erythronium Americanum* was found in flower also *Anemone thalictroides*.

In the ravine, growing along the edge of the brook, *Oxentaria aquatica* <sup>var.</sup> was already in flower; and near the 2<sup>nd</sup> highland close to a dead Beech we found a large patch of *Aplectrum hirsute*, although not in flower. Reaching our hut we were grieved to see that some one, bent upon destroying, had removed the two supports of the roof, which caused it to sag close to the ground, we propped it up again the best we could. After a short stop we returned to the open cut <sup>Boulder Co. 2</sup> (a wide avenue cut through the woods for a proposed railway) which we followed to Dehuster.

In this cut we found *Ranunculus ficoides*, also *Carex* ~~var.~~ in great profusion. From Dehuster we followed the river road to Orange house. The Maples and the Elms are now in full bloom - the Maples in various shades of red and bronze, and the Elms of beautiful brown.

In one wet place a solitary *Stemk Cabbage* was still in bloom. The Alders are about done blooming and it is rather hard to find one still in flower. Two *Dactylis*



were found *D. heterophylla* and *D. laciniata*. Reaching O. G. we stopped at the Cascades, where we built a fire and ate our dinner. Left O. G. for home about 6.30 P. M.

99. April 16, 1900. Easter Monday. An afternoon trip to Relay, then a short distance along the River Rd and return. We took the 1.20 P. M. train and reached R. about 1.45 P. M.

The afternoon was quite warm and we went without overcoats. Our trip was mainly to find *Dicentra*. Immediately before reaching the apt we saw a large bird, which had been shot, lying near the road, we took it to be a buzzard, but a man passing said it was a fish-hawk. It was an immense bird measuring fully 4 feet across its wings from tip to tip.

Along the road are quite a number of Hemlocks. The tops of many of them had been cut out also many of the lower branches; we learned that this is done regularly around Christmas time for by people who get the foliage for decorating purposes. The *Dicentra* was found just coming into bloom, 3 plants were found with blossoms fairly open, Saturday will be about the time for collecting good specimens. We now went out the road a short distance

Owing to the cloudiness of the afternoon it was already  
 becoming dark, although it was but 6 o'clock. Returning  
 I noticed on the hillside a plant, looking very much like  
*Lyngbya campestris* yet at the same time quite different - it  
 proved to be *L. vernalis*. In the ponds we still found frog's eggs.

<sup>100.</sup>  
April 20, 1900. During the week Mr. Pitch asked if he  
 might not join us on our Sat. trip, as he was very anx-  
 ious to get a hundred specimens for his botanical studies.  
 A trip had been proposed to Relay. We therefore met  
 at Camden Station in time to take the 7.20 A.M. train.  
 The morning was cloudy and indications were favorable  
 for rain. It was quite warm, ~~too~~, although the wind was  
 blowing from the north-east. Reaching R. we crossed the  
 Patuxent and walked along the River Rd. Our trip here  
 to-day was mainly to <sup>see</sup> find *Oenothera cucullaria* and the day  
 could not have been better chosen. Hundreds of the beauti-  
 ful delicate little plants were in bloom. I took probably  
 half-dozen for my herbarium. Mr. W. collected a number  
 of the blooms which made a handsome little bouquet.  
 The maple and alder are now about done blooming

Many of the maples are already far advanced in fruit and on most of the alders only dried shelled catkins are hanging. *Symphlocarpus foetidus* is also done blooming. To-day we found *Barbarea vulgaris*, *Vib. pubescens*, *V. palmata* (and) *V. blanda*,<sup>3</sup> *Mitella diphylla* for the first time this season. For some time, now, I've been looking for *Corydalis* - to-day, at last I found it in flower, it, too, is very neat, although not as showy as the *Dicentra*. Mr. P. took a specimen of almost every thing found.

Before settling upon our trip, we were <sup>undecided</sup> ~~equally divided~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~to~~ whether we should spend the day along the River Rd or <sup>at</sup> ~~go to~~ Glenburnie, we finally decided to go to both places. This plan necessitated our getting back to R. by 10-16 A.M. We were back in B. at half past ten o'clock, where we were obliged to remain till 1-10 P.M. when we took the train to G.

Before reaching G. it began to rain and continued to do so till the rest of the day. Reaching G. we went our usual route, past the now ruined hut, to the branch where we intended eating dinner. We had just passed



the hut when a pretty bird attracted my attention; it was white on the under side, black on top and brownish on the sides and had 2 white tail-feathers - reading Burroughs' description I think the bird to be the cheerwink. Early in the morning, too, while on the river road we saw a pretty cardinal and heard him call.

Near the branch we built a fire and ate our dinner. After dinner we proceeded to the pond, here we found *Cassandria calyculata* in full bloom. *Arbutus* was found everywhere, so much of it was seen that *Arbutus*-day would be an appropriate name for the day, however, in the morning *Dianthus* - or *Lindera*-day would have been the proper name. *Vaccinium corymbosum* was also found although only beginning to open. *Myrica asplenifolia* was found fully open. Near the pond we found a pretty little turtle (different from one spotted before) which had had its head and one of its front legs torn off. From the pond we went to the ditches on the other side of the road; here *Oxentium aquaticum* was found in great profusion. In the water were quite a number of pe-

curtain growths, I think them fungous growths, they grow from between decaying and water soaked leaves (oak). The basal portion is a mass of gelatinous-like substance or perhaps it would be better to say that the basal portion is surrounded by this gelatinous substance. A short white somewhat tortuous and knotty stalk rises up to the surface of the water; on the ends of these and quite out of the water were orange colored variously <sup>rigid</sup> swollen knobs.

On the ground, at one place, I noticed some peculiarly crinkled leaves. I picked them up hoping to find some new flower, and was somewhat surprised to find them bleached leaves of *Rumex acetosella*.

I had it not rained, we would have gone also to Mabey, but Mr. P. had no umbrella so we decided to hasten home. We reached home at 8. P. M.

<sup>101</sup> April 24, 1900. 2. P. M. A trip to West Arlington in search of the Grape Hyacinth and then along George's Falls. The fields of Grape Hyacinth were readily found; they, however, were beginning to fade. Apr. 18 is about the time to find them in their primes.

Along the Falls found in first field *Anemone nemorosa*.  
 The clump of Prickly Ash beyond the dam <sup>1000</sup> were found  
 in flower, those opposite the mill were not quite open.  
 Near the spring, <sup>which</sup> gushing out the rock, a liverwort was  
 found fully open. Wild Ginger was found and also  
 Indian Turnip. Growing on the stone wall was a  
 beautiful delicate moss. Several trees near Franklin  
 Road were found in flower, think them Ashes. Reach-  
 ing Franklin Road, I proceeded to the Deer pasture  
 which was found in full bloom. Here too, I found  
*Anthriscus trifolius* although not in flower.

<sup>102.</sup> April 25, 1900. Mr W. called at the school. A trip  
 had been proposed along Brynni Falls but the afternoon was so  
 beautiful that we concluded going to the ravine in quest for  
*Solea*. We reached the terminus about 3.30 P. M. and fol-  
 lowed our usual route into the ravine. Beyond Vahanti's found  
*Viola pedata*, it and its var. *bicolor*, ~~rose~~. We stopped a  
 moment at the pump-house, then followed the path, <sup>which passes</sup> ~~past~~ the  
 spring. Here *Pedicularis* was already found, fully open. To-day,  
 instead of proceeding along the left bank which is quite rocky,





